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J. M. J.

Editorial

With the appearance of the December issue, the first year of life for *Inter Nos* draws to its close. We have been asked to continue its publication and have received favorable comments on its contents, individually and collectively.

A new feature in this issue is a short section devoted to our *Alumnae*, taking over the work formerly done by *Alumnae Echoes*, a mimeographed sheet, faithfully edited for some time, by Helen Coogan and Peggy Mathews.

News items are solicited, that this section may live and grow. Seemingly unimportant events may be of interest to former classmates, so do not hesitate, delay, or shirk the collecting of material for *Alumnae Echoes*. Send these, at your choice, to the College or to Margaret Moore, address Mrs. Woodrow Hodgson, 830 W. Santa Barbara, Los Angeles 37, California.

According to our alternating plan, Volume 4, is made up of contributions from students of "Creative Writing," students whose full pro-

grams do not permit their re-enrollment in this course, and articles by alumnae. Dr. Pollia, head of the department of Cancer Research, continues his paper, the beginning of which appeared in Vol. 3. Dolores Welgoss' article on Christmas is based on personal experience. Uzoamaka Moneke, (she says, "Call me Uzo") also writes from first hand data. She hails from Nigeria. The arrangements for her enrollment at the Mount, being made by her cousin, an African nobleman, Prince A. A. Nwafor Orizu.

Fittingly, a number of contributions in the December issue center about Christmas, the loveliest feast in the year's calendar, appealing to young and old with its gentle touch upon the heart strings. Christmases while the children were still young; Christmases with "the children" coming home with their own little ones. These live in memories as long as life lasts.

The appeal of the Christ-Child gazing into the eyes of His young Mother, while faithfully, St. Joseph, the "shadow of His Eternal Father" stands as guardian, has created an ageless theme in art, in hymnology and especially in the liturgy of the Church.

Wishing all our readers and contributors a holy and merry Christmas, and soliciting their continued co-operation, we offer as December thoughts, selection from the Advent Liturgy; "The Lord shall come to save the nations and the Lord shall make the glory of His voice to be heard in the joy of your heart." Is. 30; "Be nothing solicitous; but in everything by prayer let your requests be made known to God," Philip. IV, 6; "The Lord is nigh unto all that call upon Him in truth," Ps. 144, 18. "Tomorrow shall the iniquity of earth be wiped out; and the Saviour of the world shall reign over us."

SISTER MARY DOLOROSA

YULETIDE

By Barbara Barnes

I

Reindeer
Good cheer

St. Nicks
Bagged tricks

Tolling bells
Spicy smells

Ground white
Child's delight

II

Adoring trees
Bended knees

Christ Child
Mother mild

Candles light
Holy sight

Star bright
Christmas night

Season's Greetings

By Patricia Tyler

No language holds a word of more connotations than 'Christmas.' Despite its local and personal variations the central theme is constant throughout the Christian world—Christ's Mass. No man may conceive or picture the true worth of the Feast. The awfulness, the beauty, the humility, the majesty of the day and hour are beyond the human mind. The efforts of man to understand and represent the event can serve only as guideposts, and the love and tenderness associated with the birth of the Child are but infinitesimal reflections of the infinite love and tenderness present that night.

In spite of their ultimate inability to reach the essence, men continue in great or minor ways to reproduce the sacred and joyous feast.

Around this incredible festival men have gathered their sweetest and most gracious habits. A charming custom has grown up through the years—the custom of sending pledges of friendship and love in the form of greeting cards.

These miniatures run the gamut of the seasonal feelings and a collection may form, one of the most pleasurable galleries of art. The criterion is feeling rather than art—tenderness, joy, hospitality, or fantasy. The mood is sentiment rather than sentimentality.

Close to the entrance of this gallery is one in the manner of a Murillo or a Raphael. Mary stands holding the child and is surrounded by infant angels. The Mother is so very young, the child is so very sweet, the whole is done with such delicacy and yet restraint that one returns to it again and again.

Next to it is a scene which captures the ideal of Christmas weather. It is Christmas eve, nearing time for midnight Mass. A soft clean snow has just fallen and the star studded sky is clear and bright. Smoke drifts lazily from comfortable chimneys and sleigh bells sing out as people make their way to church.

Further along hangs an intimate scene from perhaps His third birthday. In the window of a simple house sit Mary and Jesus. She looks at Him lovingly while He extends His tiny hands to feed the birds perched on the window sill.

Beside this stands a tenderly amusing variation. It is the middle of the desert. Beneath a yucca plant sleeps a tiny angel, waiting for midnight. At his side rests a small fir tree, a packed basket, and a lighted lantern. From the other side of the yucca peeps an impudently inquisitive rabbit.

Nearby is a simple tableau. A ragamuffin angel, first cousin to the Hummel angel, kneels with his fingers to his lips above the sleeping Infant— ". . . So little, yet an angel kneels to see Him put to bed."

The Cancer Cell: Sagacious or Demented

By Joseph A. Pollia, M. D.*

PART II

SYNOPSIS OF PART I—The cancer cell has been called a normal cell gone crazy. It leads an aimless, purposeless existence. It is injurious to itself and its neighbors. It does apparently no useful work. Cancer cells and crazy persons present the greatest problems of our time. Both cancer and insanity may spring from the same causes; heredity, frustration, drugs, heat, cold, light, fatigue, infections, unbalanced diet, chemicals, bodily abuses, hormones and a number of other influences. However, this must be made clear: insane persons do not suffer from cancer more often than the sane. No common predisposing factor produces cancer in one instance and insanity in another. A common weakness or deficiency may eventually be found, none exists now. The cancer cell is much weaker than the normal cell in nearly all respects; it succumbs more easily to the ordinary harmful contacts. Yet, these individually weak cells in groups of a million or more form the greatest puzzle in medicine. The history behind most cancer cells is that of a long period of ceaseless exposure to one or more of the above mentioned influences. An unhealthy area develops. Later a sore forms. The sore breaks down and cannot heal. Finally, the area around the sore begins to grow away from the point of origin. And, this is when the cells have changed into cancer. It takes a long while to bring this about. During this period, cells are repeatedly injured and many of them die. The survivors grow faster in an effort to overcome the damage. As the person ages, the blood supply decreases and this speeds up the growth power of the survivors. These reactions increase with the passing of time until they reach the point where the entire purpose of these cells is merely to prevent their own extermination. Viewed in this light, is the cancer cell a crazy cell or could it be a cell that has grown wise in the way and means of survival.

As all the world loves a lover, so does all the world thrill to the fighter. The cancer cell could very well be a fighting cell. Its power of combat might be inherited or perhaps, forced upon it, because of the constant threats exerted upon it by a deadly opposition.

Now, Opposition is to life, what Nutriment is to existence. Life cannot go forward without opposition. Living organisms, whether they are one celled, like the ameba, or multiple celled like humans, need the constant presence of obstacles for progress. Lacking these obstacles, the outstanding feature of the living organism GROWTH disappears. Viewed thru a microscope, the perfectly round cell is either in the state of rest, complete inactivity or is *dead*. That familiar form, the yolk of an egg is round because it is a cell in the phase of rest. Strange it is, that life is a struggle to attain balance or equilibrium; yet when this objective is finally attained and maintained, life *ceases* and death begins.

Our egg is fertilized by a sperm. The active male cell attacks the protective membrane around the egg and when it succeeds in breaching it, the resting phase of the egg ends. Now, the presence of this foreign body produces a change in the electrical potential. The once peaceful and perfectly round but dormant egg is forced to awaken and meet the inevitable struggle: that of restoring its original electrical status. Thus the presence of the sperm carries the opposition. The struggle to conquer this results in the development of a future member of the species. Life, certainly begins under obstacles and life goes on only in the face of obstacles. Remove them and atrophy, disuse and death are sure to follow.

It was not until the scientists began to work with the growing of living cells outside the body—a technique called tissue culture

--that the vital importance of obstacles to growth was recognized. Dr. Harrison who first grew nerve cells outside the body, found it difficult to obtain consistent cultures. As often as not the specimens failed to grow. Dr. Burroughs, one of his assistants, observed that when the cells were planted in a clot of blood plasma or fixed to the surface of a glass cover slip, instead of being placed in a hanging drop of nutriment, such cells almost invariably began to grow. Growth also took place when in the nutriment pieces of linen or cotton fibres were distributed. The discovery of this phenomenon enabled Dr. Carrel to carry on his famous culture of cells from the heart of an unborn chick, without a break for about 25 years; and, even then, it was not that they died; they were abandoned as no further use could be made of them.

Now, these objects, the clot, the pieces of linen, the cotton fibres and the surface of the glass, present to the living cell an astonishing physical force: *stereotropism*. This force is the affinity for solidness or the love of contact. It is the need for this force Stereotropism, that makes it necessary for all living creatures to have opposition before growth can occur. Without the opposition which is provided thru their affinity for contact or stereopism, then, there can be no opportunity for resistance, struggle and experience.

Now the cancer cell is bred under conditions of continuous opposition. This opposition does not stop at mere resistance it goes on to the point of frustration: which means the interference with the complete performance of what the cell was born to do. (Inhibition means the prevention or complete blocking of the function. In frustration the function starts but is stopt before it is finished). The injurious agents mentioned above: heredity, drugs, heat, cold, light, fatigue, infections and hormones act to prevent the cell from performing in a satisfactory manner its part in the economy of the body.

The never ending opposition offered by these agents must produce in the survivors a remarkable degree of Stereotropism. This imparts to the cell a strong power to grow in the face of even a very slight resistance from the neighboring tissues. The measure of the deadliness of a certain strain of cancer cells, or its degree of malignancy to use the pathological term, must be in proportion to its content of stereotropism.

Malignancy is measured by the rate of growth. The faster this rate is the weaker is the cell. The weaker the cell the more easily it is destroyed by the agents of body defense or the methods of treatment. The more rapidly the cell is destroyed the faster grow its survivors. This is the pattern of behaviour when cancer cells are treated with X-rays and the result is very striking; the more malignant the cell the more susceptible they are to the radioactive materials and processes. Unfortunately, in time the descendants of those first cells are able to form a new strain which not only has a more rapid growth but becomes resistant to the treatment.

In the cancer cell of this type, the ability to keep on growing is always one step ahead of the capacity of the treatment to destroy it. This feature of the cancer cell must be the instinctive reaction of the cell to resist those measures which threaten it with destruction. Dr. Haddow found that cancer producing chemicals had a common property upon living organisms; they tend to inhibit or delay growth. This effect is exerted not only on tumors but on growing young animals, as well.

Thus cancer producing chemicals frustrate growth and this is a normal activity of the healthy cell. Haddow also found that the nutrient material in bacterial cultures, when old, caused the organisms to change in form and function. In this instance, improper nutrition frustrates growth. About ten years ago a promising cure of human cancer was announced—refrigeration. Under an anaesthetic, the body temperature was lowered by means of coils thru which flowed a cooling medium to a point where the cancer cell was known to die from the cold. In part I, mention was made that the cancer cell was killed by heat; it is also destroyed by cold. However, in the patient, some cancer cells survived. These grew with renewed fury and the treatment was soon abandoned. In the Frank H. Boyer laboratory in the early days of tumor transplants into other animals, difficulty was experienced in getting consistent takes. This resistance to inoculation was over-come by a simple device: the syringe containing the suspension of tumor cells in salt solution was laid over a pan of ordinary ice cubes. With this precaution the tumor became apparently much more malignant, than when the suspension was kept at room temperature. These are examples where cold which slows up growth of all living things, in cancer cells seems to dam back the growth energy only to have it released in a much more potent concentration after the coldness is no longer present. *(To be continued)*

MEN'S HANDS

By Margaret O'Connell Knoell, an Alumna

*I see men's hands point down towards earth today—
the soil-brown hands that cull war-fields for dead;
the hulks of hands less living flesh than clay
that lie like pruned or broken limbs instead
of fair white stems of living trees. The oils
of guns have left their yellow grinning stains,
and tunneling acids—gas of science spoils.
Can they be washed with tears or years of rain?
O when will men lift up their hands again
to raise a baton and feel music surge
instead of blood; or paint a grass-napped plain
or fold their hands—palm kissing palm—and purge
their souls of rankling hate by hallowed prayer;
then, reach up to their God and find Him there.*

SING, WINDS

By Susan Robertson

*Sing, winds,
Over stilled waters,
With flutings through bared trees.
Cloak naked earth in velvet white
To await the Savior's birth.*

Christmas in the Ibo State

By Uzoamaka Moneke

Nigeria, comprises many states or tribes, as they are commonly called. The population of each of these states is counted by millions. Their customs differ and also their language and political set up. Being an Ibo, I am more familiar with the activities of the Ibo state, than with others, hence my choice of topic.

The time is a month before Christmas. Every part of the state is occupied by painters of all types and tastes. The buildings have to be repainted and repairs made pre- the historic occasion. Every minute item in the household receives individual attention. The chairs are dressed in new covers made especially for the feast and new curtains are made for the doors. Furniture is polished and the floor is waxed or covered with a new carpet.

Every village in a town and every town within the state organizes a group of young dancers to practice a new step. These steps are not European dances and do not in any way resemble them. They are typical Nigerian dances. In Nigeria girls and boys dance in different groups, it is considered immodest for the two sexes to dance together.

All preparations are completed by the eve of this great day. Every part of the town is spotlessly clean. The buildings in their contrasting colors are a striking feature of the glory of the festival. Nothing sad or gloomy is seen except the domestic animals which inevitably will be used for the banquets. At sunset or a little before, sweet melodies of Christmas carols fill the air. At first they sound as from a distance, then gradually they swell and swell. One town or a village in the town usually opens the singing and a signal is given to the other towns by the beating of the tom-tom on the peak of the highest hill. In this way every town and village is notified and all these in turn chant in their own dialect the Christmas carols. This is a symbol of the Angels who appeared to announce the happy tidings to the shepherds in Bethlehem. The chant goes on past midnight. Nobody desires sleep even the babies in their cots listen with wide-eyed interest to the melodies that fill the air.

The chiming of the Cathedral bells, indicating dawn, causes a pause in the singing. It is time for the longed for Mass. Every one is fully prepared, spiritually and physically. Faces glow with inexplicable happiness as they head for the Church. The interior of the Cathedral is adorned with fragrant flowers of divers species. Sacristans are busy carrying to the Altar things that will be used for the Mass. Sisters and convent girls with buckets of flowers, barely touch the ground with their feet as they hurry to add a finishing touch to the Crib, conspicuously placed at the door of the Cathedral. Gifts of various kinds, from groceries to money are laid by the Crib as birthday gifts to the Child Jesus.

Out on the school premises, girls all clad in white with blue headscarfs line up in twos and in worshipful silence proceed to the Church. The boys likewise from their own school ground fall in step behind the girls. On either side of the Cathedral are reserved seats for the two groups, and soundlessly each girl or boy slips into his or her seat. The choristers, mainly boys, take their places in the gallery. The Mass is sung with reverence and adoration. Quietly and in order the pupils leave the Church after the Mass, for this is the children's Mass.

Next is that of the parents and other members of the congregation. In conformity with the purity of the birth of Christ they are all dressed in white. Perfect order is again noticeable. Every baptised and qualified person receives the Blessed Sacrament.

The Mass is over, heads are now turned homeward. There are no Christmas trees or Santa Claus, such as you have in America. Children and parents go from house to house exchanging gifts. As they go they chant the carols. In every home rice is cooked; each family uses a different recipe. This is served to the guests. The fattest colt is killed and dressed; the finest palm tree is tapped for wine and there is joy and merriment everywhere. Rice is chosen because it is the most expensive food in the Ibo state. In the other states however, it is the cheapest. The presents are usually in cash, no material articles are given except in very rare instances. The rice served is the most a guest or caller can ask for, and he is content, if no cash is given him.

Visitings are over by noon and then follow the dancing contests. There are two groups, the girls and the boys. Each group goes to its allotted ground. There are from fifteen to twenty villages in a town. The judges decide the winning group on the basis of originality, orderliness and grace. The prize is the honor of allowing the losers to escort them home with cheers.

Toward evening the major events have passed, and everybody's step is directed homeward. Children gather around their parents and the Christmas story is told all over again.

Christmas, of course, is only celebrated by Christians. Nigeria, as a whole, is not a Christian nation. Mohammedanism prevails in most of the other states.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS IN VERSE

By Rosemary Tyler

SNOWFLAKES

*Gently falling fleece
Forms a snow-blanket
For the Christ-child
On Christmas night.*

HOSANNA

*A choir of luminaries
Join the soloist-star
In singing praises to the Lord
For Christmas night.*

CLAD FOR THE KING

*The fir tree
Emblem of eternity
Wears its pure-white garb
To praise the One Who Is.*

CHILDREN ACAROLING

*The moon peeps
Through the clouds
At small cherubs
Singing their joy—to the world.*

MIDNIGHT MASS

*Church bells call
The faithful to that
Awesome event begun on
The birthday of their King.*

EAVESDROPPERS

*Stars in the heavens
Began to sing their songs
When they overheard
The first Christmas plans.*

Christmas Will Live

By Maria Pavlovnia: ¹ (Dolores Welgoss)

I am King Moroz. Certainly you must have heard of me. I'm the fellow that paints your windows, mountains, lakes, trees—the whole earth with crystals of ice. I pinch your cheeks and tweak your nose, and turn you blue with cold. By most people I'm called a perk and bold little elf but to the Russians I am a great artist. They even give me the title of king. Only tonight, I am very sad. In all parts of the world it is Christmas; Christmas everywhere tonight! Everywhere, but here in Russia. I've hunted the streets for signs of lighted Christmas trees, strained my ears for the merry notes of carolers and troika bells, searched the shops for sweets and toys and waited for a happy face to greet me with a "Kristos Rozdaetshia," ² but no! The narrow cobbled streets were lighted only by the moon—there were no troikas, no bells, no lighted trees, no happy faces!

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Surely these people haven't forgotten Christmas!"

The great cathedral of St. Basil with its many gaudy colors loomed before me. Certainly I will find Christmas devotions here, I thought. But, no! The great oaken doors were shut tight, the rusty iron bells in the onion-shaped towers were silent. All was quiet except for the sound of the sentry's heavy boots blackening and hardening a narrow path in the white square.

From village to village I glided leaving traces of my artistry on housetops, window panes, and once verdant gardens, but it was the same everywhere. People were too busy with five year plans and methods for increasing production to bother about celebrating the birthday of their King. Christ had not only been forgotten but had been discarded as something useless.

I invoked St. Nicholas, the patron of the Russian people and he answered my prayer immediately by making an appearance. He was dressed in a long red and gold flowing robe and on his back he carried a pack of toys. I shook my head and told him that there was no Christmas in Russia—that he would have to take his toys to the boys and girls of other lands but he merely laughed and said, "Wait and see!"

I followed him over the mountains, valleys and forests and when we came to the great plains of the Ukraine he pointed to a solitary wooden shack.

"In there," he said, "you will find the Petrovich family and the spirit of Christmas."

I slid down the roof leaving the edges jagged with cut-glass icicles and peeked through the tiny frosted window. The first thing that caught my eye was the wooden table that had been prepared

¹ Mary, daughter of Paul, the Russian custom of name-signing.

² Christ is born.

for Siaty Vecher (the holy meal). It was sprinkled with straw and set for a family of six. In the center of the table was a candle which lighted up the special fast-day³ foods. There were freshly picked mushrooms, honey to sweeten the girls, garlic to strengthen the boys, unleavened bread, rice and a steaming samovar which told me there would also be tea. If one disliked garlic or mushrooms (as I did) he must take a little for a mortification. Garlic dipped in honey is not so bad.

Beneath the table was more straw representing the stable of Bethlehem and rolling in it were three little children.

"Matushka, how soon can we eat?" one of them cried. Just at that moment the mother of the little family entered the room carrying a large platter of hot pirogee stuffed with prunes.

"Just as soon as you can find your father," she answered, setting the platter at the head of the table and then, turning to an older girl who was standing in the doorway, she said, "Manya, put some more water in the samovar, and watch, don't burn yourself!"

Before she could turn to leave the room, the father of the little family entered, his arms laden with wood for the iron stove and a stock of wheat, which he set on the floor at one end of the table.

"There now, everything's ready," he said.

They all took their places and, after thanking God, began to eat their holy meal. Between bites, the children, in excitement, were counting up all the things they hoped St. Nicholas would bring them and they could not be discouraged by their parents who tried to tell them that St. Nicholas was poor this year and probably would not be able to call on all the countries of the world. The wise father tried to change the subject by saying he wished they could share their meal with their less fortunate neighbors as was customary to do on Christmas.

"But, alas," he said shaking his head, "in this God-less country—in this age of uncertainty, even our neighbors and relatives cannot be trusted. Why, if word were to get around that we were keeping the old customs—but let's not think of that. Come, let us be gay! Manya, lead the singing!"

How good it was to hear the old carols again!

There was a knock at the door. The family stopped singing and sat petrified in their chairs. The door flew open and there, with his pack, stood St. Nicholas. Well, I never—how he does get around!

The children recognized him at once and screamed with delight. Mama and Papa Petrovich looked at one another not knowing what to think or say. St. Nicholas distributed his gifts and after blessing the pious family, disappeared faster than he had come.

How right he was, too! The spirit of Christmas is not entirely dead in Russia. There must be others who still cling to their jewel of faith—others who are keeping the old customs and who are celebrating secretly. God bless them all and may they have a merry Christmas!

³ The Christmas Eve fast was strictly kept by Catholics, children included. No food was served until evening.

The Answer

(It Came Upon a Midnight Clear . . .)

By Patricia Tyler

The hills slept. In the distance some of the sheep stirred restlessly. Awaking from an uneasy sleep the man sat upright. With a weary motion he turned to get a better view of the flock, but they had settled down and he could see no cause for disturbance. He smiled ruefully. Perhaps they had caught his uneasiness. Moving closer to the dying embers he drew his cloak about him against the bitterness of the night. It was incredibly still and colder than any winter he had ever remembered. The wind, when it came spasmodically, was biting and seemed to carry gusts of ice from the mountain snows.

Lately his habit of daydreaming had become more pronounced and with it a vague but persistent dissatisfaction with life.

He reached for more wood, fed the flames and watched them spurt and leap upward. The crackle of the burning wood was comforting and the warmth lulled him into temporary ease. Across the field the watch fire burned brightly and illuminated the dozing watch.

Now his gaze became riveted upon the flames and once more his unrest returned. Somehow he felt there must be an answer to the problems of life that he could understand. As long as he could remember his family and friends had settled every problem by "an eye for an eye." His distaste for retribution had worried them for some time, and he knew they questioned his bravery. But he could see no sense in such actions, he had seen them rebound too often on all concerned.

Why he was not content he could not say. He had seen his parents live to an honorable and secure old age. He had buried them with dignity and respect. His sisters were married to honest men and he felt himself safe in Miriam's affections. And yet he was constantly beset with these doubts and moods.

Perhaps it did not matter, perhaps men were not meant to know. He closed his eyes and rested his head on his knees.

A light flared against his closed eyelids and he jerked erect thinking the fire had run out of control. But the fire could hardly be seen in the pervading brilliance that had come upon the scene.

In later years he could never describe that light nor decide whether it satisfied all his senses or made them unnecessary. But his dreams were never free of its beauty.

He came to his feet without knowing how. Around him the others were starting into wakefulness. He tried to find the source of light but could find no place where it lessened. As he shielded

his eyes to search the sky he could see faint forms drawing closer. Their number increased constantly, and their grace became clearer. Gradually his eyes grew accustomed to them and he saw one detach itself from the rest and come towards the earth.

"Fear not for I bring you tidings of great joy." The sound of the voice brought the shepherds to their knees. "That shall be to all the people; for this day is born to you a Savior, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you: you shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling-clothes and laid in a manger."

When he had finished speaking the other angels joined him and they began to sing a glorious hymn of praise. As the song ended the light lessened, and with the light the angels disappeared.

For a long moment no one spoke and when they did it was in snatches, and with exclamations.

They moved together towards the path that went down from the hills to the town. Since the first moment of the light he had moved as if in a trance. Aware of his friends, he paid no attention to them. As they neared the town they became aware of a star hanging low over the Inn stable. It was a star that they had never seen before, in their night-long vigils of watching sheep.

They followed its light and came to the stable. Through the unprotected opening they saw a man kneeling beside a manger. When he heard their footsteps crackle on the frozen ground he arose and welcomed them. They came near, one by one, and saw the Infant as the angel had promised them.

Moving ahead of the others the young man approached the mother and Child. He fell to his knees beside the crib. He had at last come home. The Child stirred in His mother's arms and looked for one moment upon the shepherd. For the first time in his life his soul was at peace.

Above the Child's head the young woman raised her eyes. The radiance of her smile was a blessing and her beauty was a beacon in the dark, cold, stable.

When he found himself outside once more in the night, he had no remembrance of his coming. He leaned against a nearby tree, his hands gripping a low hanging branch. When it snapped in two he came to himself, with a start. The relief within him was so great that he fully realized for the first time, his former unrest.

He laughed, a low exultant laugh. He had found the answer to every problem, even to life itself. With his new knowledge of the power of love he needed nothing more.

Once more he looked back towards the stable. At that moment the man called Joseph, stepped forward to shield the mother and Child from the bitter night.

The shepherd turned and hastened to join his awe stricken companions,

The House of Usher — and Usherettes

By Frances Taylor—An Alumna

Audiences which attend a free performance, such as the Standard Hour, are notoriously the hardest to handle. They register their displeasure at the slightest annoyance, and bombard us with threats of protest to the management and the Oil Company. On one memorable occasion, when the guest artist on a Standard Hour was a local girl, the number of tickets issued was apparently far in excess of the anticipated audience and definitely in excess of the number of seats. The result was an indignant overflow of people who camped on the stairs in flagrant violation of fire regulations, each of whom had to be gently but firmly removed under protest. On that particular evening I was a *de facto* policeman, albeit without commission, and I was in the embarrassing position of having to remove from the stairs some of my friends and acquaintances—not only once, but two or three times.

Performances of very foreign flavor attract their countrymen, and patrons of the Russian Opera, the Spanish dance, or some Italian virtuoso, sometimes have to be directed by the sign language unless the usher happens to be a linguist.

And be it remembered that audiences at performances representative of a religious denomination are always the most courteous and refined. A group in attendance at St. Olaf's Lutheran choir overwhelmed us with "thank yous" for programs and directions to seats—we're really not accustomed to too much attention or consideration, you know.

So much for mass psychology. Now for the individuals who make up this motley whole.

Some members of the audience attend, by means of season tickets, with a regularity which almost rivals that of the ushers, and have continued to do so over a period of years. These people we become more or less acquainted with, and likewise catalogue them also as "characters" or very charming people.

Among the latter is a most gracious, elderly gentleman of my acquaintance, knowledge of whose name emboldened me to inquire whether or not any relationship existed between him and the late John Philip Sousa, band leader and composer. To my surprise, he admitted being a nephew, but denied having fallen heir to any more than his uncle's appreciation of music. My original introduction to the gentleman was, to say the least, most inauspicious, but he was more than equal to the situation. I was standing near the doorway and had stooped to pick up my opera glasses. He came walking briskly by, and was so surprised by the unexpected obstruction that he almost catapulted over my back in leapfrog fashion. I recovered my normal posture before my composure, but he promptly restored the latter by proffer of a bag of salted nuts which he was carrying, accompanied by a musical laugh and humorous remarks appropriate to the circumstances.

Definitely in the "character" class is a man whose attendance is so regular that his absence is almost a matter of comment. His approach is heralded not by the tramp or patter of feet, but by the aroma of creosote! He seems to thrive on creosote cough drops which he carries in his pocket without benefit of box or bag and which he offers to share with anyone whom he can engage in conversation. He victimized me one evening, and during the short space of the intermission, he communicated the information that he is Jewish, born in Scotland, an atheist, and a bachelor—else, he added, how could he spend so much time or money at the Opera House? I'm not too sure he's a confirmed bachelor, though, because he solicits dates with the girls among us and sometimes finds a willing one. I guess I don't care for the flavor of creosote that well. In my one encounter with him, he left me wondering whether or not I was obliged to undertake his conversion from atheism. But again, the fumes of creosote were too heavy, and I did not take up the apostolate.

Down in the orchestra is a phantom who attends every opera season in the Fall. This phantom, of real flesh and blood, is reputed to be a Greek princess, alone in the world, fabulously wealthy, and abysmally unhappy. She is elderly, emaciated, alabaster white, and laden with diamonds, pearls, and ermine. She always seems to wear white, expensive but cheerless, and she wanders about during the intermissions, pursued by curious eyes and whispered rumors about her life and her past. Needless to say, the ushers are all hot on the scent, and the word that "the Greek princess is here tonight" sends us all trooping downstairs to see if she looks any thinner or whiter or sadder than she did the season before.

These things are all in an ordinary night's work—run of the mill, one might say. But occasionally something happens to really liven things up a bit.

On one occasion, the uniformed police actually did participate. A patron, who was able to convince the box office that her season tickets had been stolen, together with jewelry, silverware, clothing, and money, gained admittance and took up a position where she could observe if anyone else would have the temerity to occupy her place. Her vigilance was rewarded by the arrival of another woman who sat in the contested seat. The Plaintiff, shall we say, hastened off to bring the police, two of whom marched in and escorted the victim into the hallway. There the two women exchanged harsh words, one claiming to have been robbed, the other to have legitimately purchased the ticket at the box office. The police kept the two far enough apart to prevent hair-pulling and eye-scratching, while the other patrons, it being by that time intermission, were treated to a little side show—the spectacle of two erstwhile dignified "ladies" patterning their behavior after that of wild cats. I never did hear the final outcome, but rumor had it that the evicted one was last seen being ushered to a choice seat in the orchestra.

Another evening's highlight was the incident of the inebriated gentleman who sat in the last row of the balcony during the concert of a well-known Metropolitan Opera star. His enthusiasm was well meaning, but ill timed, and his applause and "bravos" frequently occurred during the arias. Finally, the singer could contain his justifiable irritation no longer, so he stopped in the very middle of a number, and stepped completely out of character by screaming, "Why don't you go and hire a hall for yourself?" The audience, too surprised to laugh, just gasped—and the concert proceeded where it had left off.

At 10 P. M. during an opera season performance, a lady presented me with a ticket stub, asking to be shown to her seat. I probably looked my astonishment, because she hastened to explain that she was sitting at home in Berkeley when all of a sudden she remembered she had a ticket for the opera that evening. So she jumped into her car and drove over the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, in post haste, for whatever might remain of the performance. As a final service after showing her to the seat, she asked me to tell her just exactly what had happened thus far so she could follow intelligently. I didn't mind being asked such a question concerning an opera, but once in a while someone makes a similar request at a play, and that is quite an order.

Some people aren't so easily satisfied. One man, who held a ticket to a symphony concert in a series subsidized by the City, hence popularly priced, argued with me that he must belong in the balcony, instead of in the orchestra where I was sending him, because, he said, "I only paid \$1.25. How could I possibly belong anywhere but in the balcony?"

And then there was the sad case of the poor man I was obliged to console because he had walked up to the box office window and merely said, "Give me a ticket to tonight's performance." He thought he was going to witness a prizefight. Instead, he found himself at a symphony. I suggested that he remain on the basis that it would, at least, be a change. Lest you raise an incredulous eyebrow, let me hasten to explain that the Civic Auditorium, where fights are held weekly, is almost adjacent to the Opera House where nothing more lowly than an occasional Be-Bop concert it tolerated.

Not infrequently the ushers must play the role of peacemakers. There is always the southern lady who waxes indignant when she finds that her neighbor for the evening is colored; and the patron who is unhappy because the lady on her right has halatosis, or the gentleman on her left has a denture which chatters when he breathes; and the patron who believes the exit light burns too brightly. They have to quiet the enthusiastic patron who wants to bubble over to his neighbor during the performance, and to calm the irate patron who is irked because the supply of programs has been exhausted before his tardy arrival. They have to help the heavy old ladies upstairs to their seats, and pick them up and call for the wheel chair when they insist upon falling down stairs in the dark. And they must use all the diplomacy and finesse at

their command peaceably to remove the occasional inebriate. Oh, there's never a dull moment.

Such is life in the Opera House and, in a certain sense, it shares much in common with daily life. For the degree of enjoyment to be derived from that peculiar indoor sport is largely determined by the method of approach, attitude of mind, and enthusiasm brought to it by the usher. If he merely matches tickets and seats, it is for him no more than another job and he may as well look for one which pays him something he can spend. It's true, he witnesses the performance without payment of admission, but he misses much of the off-the-record fun.

So, the next time you go to a theater and are taken a personally conducted tour to a seat, remember that the usher is probably not confining her attention to your ticket stub. She is probably inhaling your perfume, appraising your millinery, admiring your jewelry, measuring the length of your skirt, and evaluating your behavior as material for her "memoirs." For ushers *are* people, the vendor of glasses still notwithstanding.

Christmas or Xmas

By Marylou O'Connor

Christmas to Catholics means more than the mere observance of December 25. It is the culmination of four weeks of prayer and penance, the season of Advent. We have prepared our souls and minds for Christ's coming. We are longing, as the Prophets and Patriarchs were, for the birth of the Child. We attempt to realize the significance of His lowly throne. In our hearts the shepherds worship and the animals kneel in awe. Our joy and faith, our love and thanksgiving overflow. We share our feelings and wish all a "Merry Christmas." The conventional phrase has its basis in supernatural motives.

But to many, the supernatural has disappeared. Wishes are motivated by purely natural emotions. Christmas to many is a vacation, a time of fun on earth and good will towards friends. To these, it is a time of Christmas tree and gifts, of shining ribbons, candy canes, and colored lights. They are Santa Clauses, not Christs. Their attitude can be seen in the Christmas cards, with vie for originality, for "cuteness" and cleverness. They sparkle with ornaments, and laugh with snowmen. And they often end with the phrase, "Merry Xmas." This "X" typifies and sums up the meaning of Christmas to the modern—and annual celebration kept on December 25, in commemoration of an unknown quantity, the X. They are unaware that X is the Greek initial for Christ.

This year, let each of us honestly examine our own conscience in the light of the Stable Star. Are we in accord with the spirit of the Church during this season, or with the spirit of the materialistic world? Do we celebrate *Christmas* or *Xmas*?

"—Hush the Drums!"

A Phi Beta Kappa Prize-Winning Essay

By Peggy Mahoney Spaw, an Alumna

The first wind that touched my young head was an Arizona wind—a brown squaw-wind, full and energetic as all good squaws should be. My sun and moon she pads the burnished desert floor in her ox-skin moccasins. And when she passes, her heavy skirts pull at the slim, scaly arms of the greasewood and make them bend. She scuds up the still, dry washes that lie like great spines, chalkwhite and prostrate in the sun. She thrusts her phantom fingers deep into the matted wool of the sheep that nibble peacefully at the corn stubbles in the fallow field near the pueblo. Then she hums a spirit song through the loom chords to old Yuma—Yuma, who weaves the blood-red of youth, the cool-white of motherhood, and the gray of the coming night into her rugs.

I am not an Indian, but this squaw-wind is my friend. Tonight I feel her rushing close at my side. She is speaking. Her voice is as quiet and still as the spirits that sleep in the yellow breasts of the autumn corn. She is telling me the season is here. For two nights the moon has risen round and rusted as an aged ceremonial drum. The stars have been bright and hard, like the silver heads of the chieftain's arrow, deep in the black heart of the sturdy buffalo. Bright stars and a yellow moon mean drought. It is time for rain. It is time for prayer, and fast, and dance.

I saw my last rain-dance when I was a freshman in college, but it is miraged forever fierce and bright on the platter-smoothness of my young memory. It is a mirage that burns with the orange and gray pageantry of a desert people; smoulders—dust-silent with godly knowledge in black eyes, and forbids with the gourd-hollow thunder of great, blue gods, swallowing. I know I can trace it, and trust it, and fling it warm about my heart. Just as I can trace and comprehend the pattern in Yuma's rug, and then when I am tired, lie down on it, and sleep for a thousand moons—in the wind.

Old Oraibi lies sluggish and sun-soaked, a great shale-boned Gila monster, immutably looped across the smooth, flat shoulders of the red mesa. It was in Oraibi that I grew to know the Hopi. My uncle owned a trading post there. It was a real trading post. The kind that smells of dust and tobacco; the kind with a tobacco-stained floor that should have been painted thirty years earlier, and has scrooped and cawed for two score under the cool scrape of the moccasin, the scruff of the cowboy's spur and heel, and the clipper gait of the hard-heeled, inquisitive Easterner. A black-splintered porch aprons the front of the trading post, and palms a sun-spliced roof on three westward leaning poles. That old porch

sits as motherly and coarse as the lap of a drowsy squaw. It is scuffed by acrid tongue of a swift, north wind.

It is warped by the seeking fingers of the summer rains, and veiled by the russet spirits of the noon dust-clouds that skirt around it on phantom heels. And at dusk, it is checkered with the fire-color of little blanket-dunes, pyramided there by Indians who are bargaining inside.

It is high-noon and hot. I am out feeding Pinkey, the little gray scrub-burro. He is chomping on the dried corn cobs, and two fat-cheeked little Indian boys are punching his scrawny sides with sticks, and begging me to let them ride. A stiff, black shadow falls across the ground and breaks around Pinkey's front hoofs. I look up. The sun slaps my eyes with hot shafts of saffron light, and I blink them. But there is George standing beside me. He is my uncle's prize trader. He's a pine-backed young buck, with clean-angled shoulders, and teeth that flash in the sun like bleached elk-bone. With a quiet graciousness he gives me the invitation. I may make the journey to the dance-mesa with Ledema and him, and their berry-brown papoose.

A little knoll raises the gray pueblos sharply above the trading post. The sleek soles of my boots click and crunch the paper-thin shale that is splintered over the crooked back of the hill. I clamber up, and mangle some limp greasewood in my right hand. A final hoist edges me onto the bald surface of the village.

All about me the pueblos are gray and silent, coned into the hill like vigilant buzzard nests. Here and there a shadow calks from a jagged clump of sagebrush and lies stealthily on the red earth like the sombre headgear of a waiting warrior. A few mesquite trees stand like fragments of ripped screen. One of them dangles a strip of half-dry jerk from its limber wrist. And gnats suspend themselves and zoom around the jerk like tiny, whining electrons. A bony cur, that I have named Supai, comes yelping up to me. His tail is long and jointed, and looks like it belongs on a wharf rat. And he slaps it like an empty glove on each side of his skinny ribs. Then I step down into the stony coolness of George's pueblo.

Ledema is squatting near the fire in the middle of the clay-walled room. She flips her thick, black hair away from her face, and grunts a welcome to us. She motions me to mind the corn that lies roasting under the red embers. The corn is clear-pearled and juicy. The room smells like damp ground and bacon rind. From the ladder I can see George. He is out in the field unhitching the two stunted Indian ponies. He will drive them over and hitch them to the warpy wagon that waits like a spiny scorpion, tail-up, on the west side of the pueblo. Jutting out ahead, where the knoll bends its knee and communes with a late sky, a sunset flames. And twilight is a quiet friar at benediction time.

Dawn from the cliffs of Oraibi, and morning hangs a bright serape at the door of day. Far to the south, the Painted Desert, that great wind-wounded land, lies scugged with pieces of lost sun and hiding shadows. Out where the desert seems to rise as high as the cliffs on which I am standing, is Hotevilla. Hotevilla, the sacred mesa of the dance! A thin veil of blue piñon smoke is falling from the cliffs, like down torn from the breast of the dying eagle. But George is calling, and the day's journey must begin.

I scoot onto the back of the wagon, and rub the palms of my hands on the orange, woolly, saddle blankets that cover the rough floor. Ahead of me George is straight and gay as a totem pole, as he pops the quirt at the heads of the little ponies to scatter the gnats that simmer around their eyes. Ledema is at George's side. Her shawl is festive and splayed with warm sun-colors. Where her black hair parts into two strong braids, her sturdy neck shows brown as a sun-varnished pine cone. George and Ledema are still. They are praying Indian prayer, and their silence is something vast. It is the quiet of the grieving wind, who at last can thrust her sorrows into the seething pit of the sunset.

Near me a fat-stomached bag of cornmeal slumps against the wagon side. One corner of the bag is torn and flaps forward like a broken ear. A single strand of the coarsely-ground meal strings out and down the side of the sack like rich butter melting in the sun. There is a pouch of pounded watermelon seed by the cornmeal; Ledema will make long sheets of thinpiki with that. I turn around and let my legs dangle off the back of the wagon. I rest my elbows on the round forms of the watermelons. Ledema has wrapped them in wet gunnysack, and they are cool. The ponies' little feet pud-pud in the soft dirt. The iron-rimmed wheels flay the red sand and leave their dry wakes behind them. And the wagon rambles after the ponies like a scrawny hen in rickety pursuit of two choice flies. Overhead a pair of buzzards wheel slowly above a clump of sage brush. Buzzards—two pieces of black flint that carve the blue sky with that deliberate pace that can come only to the assured.

Now Sugarloaf Mountain is resting high above our eyes. Already night is pitching camp on the east side of Sugarloaf, and we are flitting in and out of the rails of light and dark that hem the red earth at the foot of the mountain. Half way up Sugarloaf, where a chalky streak divides it into layers, a prospector's shaft pierces its white side like a fresh wound. Ahead of us a lariat of blue smoke lassos the stiff west side of the mountain. This is the prospector's campfire, and I know that nearby the old miner is sitting on a piece of oily tarpaulin, peeling at a disc of yellow cheese with his jack-knife, and dreaming of a strike that will make him a millionaire over night.

We scoot past a belt of freshly turned land. On the other side I can see some mud-hogans, like unbaked pottery bowls, cupping

greedily at a saucer of red earth. I count prairie dogs and attempt a cowboy song. We are passing through a city of greasewood.

Suddenly the fleeing sun rips away its blinding shawl of light, and the sand stone mesa is raised before us. High and fierce, it is the face of a raging warrior that scowls an ancient challenge to a waning sky. It is cliff with scraps of shifting shadows, and pocked deep with black buzzard nests and eagle lookouts. On the south it is gulched smooth where lost baby-winds have shrieked their terror to the strength of the mesa's craggy heart.

The wagon trail ahead of us coils its way up like a striking rattler. And at the top, its head flattens into the shaven smoothness of the village site. I lie across the floor with my head and feet braced firmly at each side, so the melons won't roll out and burst their way down the steep path.

Where the rail bends like a rusty horseshoe, we pass three barefooted squaws lugging great crocks of spring water on their broad backs. One of the squaws raises her arm to return Ledema's greeting, and the crystal water leaps out of the olla and spills over the red blanket that hangs from her neck in a bright triangle. The wagon hesitates at the final hoist like a baby about to mount its first step, and then we have conquered the mesa! Ledema is singing, and the papoose Katchima's eyes are staring over her shoulder at me, as if they were demanding an explanation for my presence in the party.

On the far edge of the mesa, the campfires of Hotevilla blink through the haze of dusk. We rattle close to the south cliffs. The earth far below is embroidered with a silver-thread stream, and laced with freshly plowed fields. From somewhere a lost steer cries for the herd. The Painted Desert lies under a tint of deep shadow. And far to the south, the Little Colorado glows on the brown desert, like a newly-pounded comcha at the waist of the sleeping snake-priest. And twilight is a buff-eyed doe that quivers seconds-long at the sight of the stars, and then bolts into the forest, that is night.

Mid-morning, and I clack my heels up the only street in Hotevilla. The street is a hard ledge of smooth, gray stone that runs straight between the sun-bleached pueblos. The crooked doors of the pueblos wear long lapels of red-seedy peppers and drying apricots. Fat squaws swish in and out of the doorways. A group of brown-faced maidens swing out and down the street, arm in arm. They smile at the tourists from lowered eyelids. They are all over sixteen, I know, because their black hair is whorled stiffly into the significance of the squash-blossom pattern.

Afternoon, and I perch myself on the porch of a pueblo so I can view the passing events without competition. Below me lies a circular clearing, strewn with coarse, yellow sand. It stares up

at me like a round eye filled with sawdust. This is the dance-plaza. At one end of the plaza stands a lacy tepee made of cottonwood boughs. I scratch the toe of my boot against the groiny wall of the pueblo, and watch the chunks of gray mud spin down and burst on the ground below. The Hopi dance because 'the clouds are small and the corn is weak.' And I remember Tyo, the Hopi prince.

Spectators weigh the walls and roofs of every pueblo. I am flanked by a man from Vienna and his wife. They are sputtering their staccatoed impressions at me with every drop of their foreign enthusiasm. Directly across from me is the massive wife of the Secretary of the Interior. She is all-sociable, and a cheerful victim of an excess of Indian jewelry. And there below, walking across the dance-plaza, is Nina. She is the wife of the richest rancher in the valley. Her leather boots flash in the sun, and her black-velvet jacket is splayed with bits of rough silver. Her hair is thick and brown, and twisted richly over each ear. Her mouth is crimson, and her eyes are black. I think she is beautiful, and she's showing off.

Bright babble dissolves into a respectful murmur. The chief priest of the Antelope men, with his band close at his heels, has rushed down the plaza. A moment more, and a stately troop of Snake Priests enters quietly and forms a line behind the Antelope men. There is a board in front of the kisi, and the two savage lines of swaying snake-men sprinkle holy meal in the gourd and stamp on it, and chant. The snakes are lying in great ollas.

Three at a time these sons of TYo stalk around the yellow plaza. Their faces are smeared fiercely with the sacred paint, which was made in the kiva ceremony. Three at a time they halt. From each group a warrior priest enters and comes out gripping a rattler . . . a raging, twisting scale that darts black fangs from the slit of its flat mouth. A chain of priests, knotted here and there with groups of Antelope men, is shuffling round and round the plaza. The snakes are maddened with fear, and they flog the priests' cheeks with their fat tails. A little group of curious people has rimmed itself on the ground around the dancers. A snake breaks away and wheels toward the group like vicious lightning. Women shriek and the crowd unified in fear pushed at the stiff walls of the pueblos for protection. With meal and whip, the Gatherer is quick in his godly duty, as he scoops the rattler up with a swift, sure hand.

Now the chief-priest has raised his copper arm, and is describing a large circle with a handful of sacred meal. Drums throb from the kiva. A shriek, and a pile of living flesh-ropes, snakes with their hair-thin fangs darting, and their tails rattling like seeds in a dried pepper, are pitched into the circle with a dusty thud. They are blanketed with holy meal and sacred water. A sustained chant, a cry, and each priest darts down and seizes as many snakes

as hand and mouth will hold, Swift as a dust cloud he thrusts his way through the horrified crowd and out to the brim of the mesa. The priests' tired bodies glisten with sweat as they kneel and pray after the brown snakes that slither their way off hot stones, around still clumps of brush, and down to the ribbon-spring.

Bright babble flames up again. Cars are sputtering in the sandy clearing where they had parked for the ceremony. Blue exhaust-smoke ravishes the cool, steamy smell of the emptied street. I see a black-coated chauffeur trying to raise a limousine from three feet of jugging silt.

Quietly I crawl back into the wagon. I'm glad I am with Indians, because they are silent in their thanksgiving. We wind down the trail. The wheels squeak and hurl rocks from their slender spokes. I turn around and let my legs dangle off the back of the wagon, so I can fill my eyes with the last gaze at the mesa. In the south, four black clouds bend their billowy heads like charging buffalos in the direction of the mesa. Rain! "God, give these people cool rain!" Silence presses her warm rug across the late desert. The squaw-wind is passing. She flaps the brim of my sombrero and tells me to look west. A sunset! Some distant breeze parts the veil of exquisite calm and commands. Phantom forms of copper dust rise and twist, and fall again, in passion of pagan worshippers, before the image of a dying brave, whose blood has stained the sky behind the blue plateau.

MINER'S WIFE

By Margaret O'Connell Knoell

*You have not seen the sun for twenty years.
Before each dawn you tramp into a land
of canyon dusk and pan there from the sand—
grey mealy sand of river-beds—the tears
of fine gold dust. Your fingers haunt the crags
for gold. At night, your clothes are steeped in rank
and earthen odors from the canyon dank.
With Midean touch you fill your buckskin bags.*

*You never wonder how I spend my hours.
I walk to fields of amber shafted corn
or watch the golden haloed sun-flowers sway.
I cry beneath eternal sun-strung bowers
that you have spurned my gold; and yet, each morn
you pan some from my hair and leave it grey.*

Alumnae Echoes

MRS. WILLIAM PURNELL (*Lorraine Murphy*) is working as medical technician in Vermont while her husband, now a doctor, completes three years of specialized training in radiology.

MR. AND MRS. JACK MCNAMEES (*Mary Ellen Benkert*) have added two-month-old red-headed Danny to the household.

Michael, year-old son of *Muriel Rochefort Gustin*, is proud of his month-old brother Christopher.

MRS. JACK GUDDELMAN (*Jackie Logsdon*) keeps trim tending sons John and Paul, one year and one month old.

Helen Connelly will teach at St. Mary's until summer when she will become Mrs. LEO O'CALLAHAN (brother of Dorothy, now Sister Leo Francis).

Jeanne Colberg was visited by her family this summer at a Portland hospital where she works as a laboratory technician.

Frances Shannon returned from her second trip to Europe just in time to begin classes as science and math teacher at Verdugo Hills High.

Since graduating, *Doris Oliver* has traveled through both Europe and South America.

Harriet McLoone is again teaching English, journalism and drama at Miami, Arizona.

MRS. WOODROW HODGSON (*Margaret Moore*) prefers raising five-month-old Dennis to fifth-grade teaching.

Pat Riesner, *Pat Campbell* and *Peggy McLoone* keep busy as dieticians at the Veterans' Hospital, Sawtelle, Los Angeles.

MRS. SCOTT SPAW (*Peggy Mahoney*), whose prize essay appears in the current *Inter Nos*, is living at 3845 N. 44th Street, Phoenix, Arizona. All the daughters of this Mahoney family are Mount Alumnae.

MRS. DENNIS MCCARTHY (*Erin Mahoney*) resides in Nogales, Arizona and MRS. JOSEPH SCHWARZ (*Pat Mahoney*) lives at Burrishole

(named by her father) near Phoenix, Route 8, Box 231. Pat has a young daughter, Alice.

Among our alumnae teachers in public schools are Lorraine Barker in Pasadena; *Mary Ann Durkin* in Manhattan Beach; *Gertrude Cramer* in the city as also are MRS. O'MALLEY (*Annetta McCann*) and MRS. E. A. NORDECK (*Adelaide Boehler*). *Kay Williams* teaches at Culver City; *Nellie Jansen* at St. Eugene's, a parish school; *Azilda Charbonneau* at Our Lady of the Valley, Canoga Park.

Gertrude Boland is teaching Economics and Political Science at Manhattanville College, New York. The college is conducted by the Religious of the Sacred Heart.

MRS. LAWRENCE E. STEWART, (*Rose Mary Johnson*) before her marriage, made a splendid record in the teaching profession, and became a curriculum supervisor in Orange County. She now lives in Chicago.

Murielle Rheäume '49, has gone to France where she will teach and also continue her studies in French—her major at the Mount. Murielle, nominated for an exchange teaching post by the Advisory Committee on Franco-American Student Exchange is sponsored by the Institute of International Education.

Word has been received from Mrs. Anna M. Hoffman of the death of her daughter MRS. CHARLES JOHNSON (*Agnes Hoffman*), R. I. P.

MRS. JOHN FRANCIS SCANLON (*Kathleen Trounce*) is located for the present at 790 B-Bay Street, San Francisco. Jack and Kay are thoroughly enjoying their two daughters Deirdre Mary, 2½ years and Gail Francis (spelled with an i), 7 months old.

MRS. RAY APPEL (*Maureen Trounce*) is located at 12102 Goshen off Bowling green, a few minutes ride from the Mount. Maureen is teaching physical education on two days each week, in parish schools.

MRS. JOHN MORRIS (*Joan Kuntz*) is living at Fort Dix, New Jersey where Capt. Morris is stationed. Capt. and Mrs. Morris recently returned from Germany where the Captain served with the occupation forces in Europe.

MRS. PAUL H. BEEMER (*Pat Rohe*) and her husband are very proud of Mary Beth, 17 months old, whom they describe as a perfectly wonderful daughter.

MRS. ROBERT L. COX (*Lyla Burrows*) has received the Master of Science degree in education from U. S. C.

Johnny Truxaw, son of Mr. and MRS. JOHN TRUXAW (*Kathleen O'Hanlon*) announces the arrival of a little sister, Kathleen Mary.

Marjorie O'Hanlon shortly after receiving her degree in June, entered the novitiate of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Orange. Her two older sisters are members of this community.

Mary Joan Lindenfeld also received her degree in June, in September entering the novitiate of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet.

MRS. THOMAS THALKEN (*Ann Hall*) is among the Mount's recent brides. She is now the sister-in-law of another alumna, *Margaret Thalken*. Ann is living in Chicago.

MRS. DAVID C. EMERSON (*Helen Bryan*) an alumna and a member of the faculty of our English department, was married in August. Her home is now at La Mesa, New Mexico.

MRS. RAY MAROVICH (*Virginia Brown*) announces the arrival of a son, Thomas David.

Adelaide Spuhler and *Eleanore Gmeindle* of the class of '49 were awarded scholarships \$1000.00 each, for graduate work in Social Welfare. Adelaide is studying at Fordham. She writes that she was "thrilled" one day on discovering a sketch of Mount St. Mary's on the wall of the central office of the National Association of Catholic College Alumnae. She thinks the East beautiful but would "give anything for one sunny day of joy at the Mount."

Ellen Garrecht has entered the medical school at Creighton University from which she plans to emerge an M. D.

A letter from MRS. ANITA DE CERVANTES (*Anita Arnold*) hails from Mazatlan Sinaloa, Mexico. Anita will appreciate any information regarding a Mount St. Mary's Club, which she hears is being formed in Mexico.

Patricia Spain, *Wanda Mankiewicz* and *Virginia Debley* are now salaried employees in research at U.C.L.A. They find that the work which they did in cancer research at Mount St. Mary's has been of great value to them. Also they find constant use for their know-

ledge of quantitative analysis. Virginia is assisting a doctor in a research project of transplanting tumors into animals.

MRS. JOSEPH F. SCHWARZ (*Mary Olive Bunce*) is now living at 129 Gramatan Drive, Yonkers 2, New York. She and her husband are very proud of "Rickey" their six month's old son. Mary Olive reports having seen *Genevieve Faeh* (MRS. FRAGA) and *Gertrude Boland*.

Mary Frances McKenna is teaching Home Economics at Washington High.

Shirley Megowan and *Frances Taylor* were recent visitors at the College. This visit forms part of Frances' annual vacation activities. Her permanent address is 1595-11th Avenue, San Francisco.

Catherine Reidy is giving a good account of herself, as a Catholic leader in Prescott, Arizona, where she is a member of a zealous unit of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. The unit uses a trailer to cover Arizona distances and to provide a room in which to hold Catechism classes. The trailer is equipped with a slide projector and record player.

Winifred Yurich is now Junior State Worker for Catholic Daughters.

Mary Yurich works as an accountant for Pacific Mutual.

MRS. CHARLES DUFFY (*Mary Boland*) is the mother of two fine boys. Mary lives in San Gabriel.

Lois O'Connell '49 reports a wonderful visit to Lourdes and an audience with the Holy Father.

A word of appreciation is in order, for the faithful and unselfish devotion to Alumnae interests, of the officers of the past year to:

LORRAINE BARKER, *President*

MARY PAT HANSEN, *Vice President*

PEGGY RUSH, *Secretary*

MARY FRANCES MCKENNA, *Financial Secretary*

VINCIE GINEVRA, *Treasurer*

GERTRUDE CRAMER, *Parliamentarian*

Inter Nos appreciates the offer made by MRS. HODGSON (*Margaret Moore*) to help in collecting material for *Alumnae Echoes*. Mar-

garet's experience as editor of *THE VIEW*, makes her realize the difficulties involved in gathering items for publication.

October 23 was chosen for the annual Mass, breakfast and meeting. Rev. John Connolly, S. J. said the Mass. An election followed resulting in the following officers:

President, GERTRUDE CRAMER

Vice President, KATHLEEN CONNOLLY

Secretary, PEGGY RUSH

Financial Secretary, JEANNE LE McDONALD STEHLY

Treasurer, VINCIE GINEVRA

Historian, MARY FRANCES MCKENNA

A general invitation to try the new swimming pool was tendered by the college.

Notices of error in *Alumnae Echoes* will be honored in the next issue, if received by January 15, 1950.

CHRISTMAS SONG

By Marianna Munnemann

*Christ came to us this day,
Sing Allelulia!
Cradled in manger hay.
Sing Allelulia!
Oh, let our glad hearts bring
Love to our little King,
Joy to acquaintance.*

*On this sweet, joyful night,
Sing Allelulia!
A star shines forth His light.
Sing Allelulia!
Oh, let our good deeds glow
Candle-like on the snow
From mullioned casements.*

